

MARVEL  
30th Dec 89

# THE REAL

Nº81 45p

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# GH<sup>0</sup>STBUSTERS™

CHRISTMAS  
SMACKEROONY,  
PETEY-BUDDY  
BUDDY!!



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**H**o! Ho! Ho! No, this isn't a gardening comic, but it is that time of year again when the only strange and vaguely paranormal thing to come down your chimney will be Santa Claus. You remember him. He's that jolly old fellow, also known as Father Christmas, who goes on unusual excursions once a year to give presents to complete strangers. Anyway, to celebrate such an occasion, we have for you an issue of **THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS** which is full of fiendish festiveness. Firstly, you can see what The Real Ghostbusters do for seasonal entertainment in our story **We Three Things!** Paranormal parties are all the rage this year. Then you can get a greater insight into life at home with the Ghostbusters at Christmas in **Winston's Diary!** With these and other Christmas-time goodies, you should be equipped for a fun time, so read on and may festive joy (rather than ectoplasm) rain down upon you!

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# THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS



PETER VENKMAN



EGON SPENGLER



RAY STANTZ



WINSTON ZEDDEMORE



JANINE MELNITZ



SLIMER

# THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™

## We three THINGS!

DECEMBER, 24TH...

WE'VE CAPTURED THE  
WAILING WEIRDS OF  
WOOLAGONG!

AND WE'VE BAGGED THE  
BLOATED BANSHEE OF  
BOGGLE HOLE!

GREAT TO SEE YOU GUYS  
BACK... THOSE WERE THE  
LAST JOBS ON OUR AGENDA  
BEFORE CHRISTMAS!



WHO'S THE  
CRACKPOT,  
JANINE?

OH YEAH, PETER...  
AND THIS GUY'S BEEN  
WAITING—

I'M DOCTOR KARL  
KINDHEART... I  
BELIEVE GHOSTS ARE  
SAD, PATHETIC  
CREATURES, WHO  
SEEK ONLY TO BE  
LOVED...

IF YOU PERSIST IN YOUR TERRORIST  
WAR AGAINST THESE LOVABLE LITTLE  
THINGS, I WILL PERSUADE MY FRIENDS  
IN THE GOVERNMENT TO CLOSE YOU  
DOWN. GOODBYE!



WAS HE  
SERIOUS,  
WINSTON?

OH,  
RELAX,  
RAY!

SURE, LET'S  
START THE CHRIST-  
MAS FESTIVITIES  
NOW. HAVE A GLASS  
OF SLIMEADE!

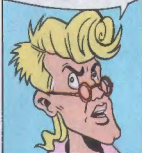
PETER: ARE YOU  
AWARE THAT YOU JUST  
SAID 'SLIMEADE' IN-  
STEAD OF LIMEADE.

I DID?

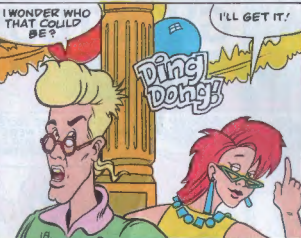




WE ARE ALL BECOMING DANGEROUSLY OBSESSED WITH GHOSTS! WE NEED A REAL DOWN-TO-EARTH CHRISTMAS... TO FORGET ANYTHING THAT'S WEIRD OR SUPERNATURAL!



I WONDER WHO THAT COULD BE?



I'LL GET IT!

SORRY, WE'RE - GULP! OH BOY...



EEEK!



WE'RE BEING INVADED BY GHOSTS!

FIND THESE SPOOKS! WHERE DID THEY GET TO?

THERE'S ONE IN MY ROOM...



IS HE ATTACKING YOU?

NO... HE'S... ER... TESTING THE MATTRESS...



IT'S BAD NEWS, EGON, THERE'S ONE IN HERE WITH OUR TV GUIDE!



THINGS ARE GETTING  
SERIOUS, GUYS...



Hmm... MOST UNSCIENTIFIC! WE SEEM  
TO BE THE TARGET FOR THREE CLASS  
FOUR, HOME-HAUNTING, SEASONAL  
QUEST PHANTOMS! YET, ACCORDING  
TO TOBIN, SUCH APPARITIONS MUST  
FIRST BE INVITED... I DON'T  
UNDERSTAND!

I DO...  
SLIMER!



WELL?

ME INVITEY  
BUDDYCHUMS TO  
STAY FOR MERRY-  
CHRISSTYMAS!



OH NO!

WELL, I'VE GOT A  
PRESENT FOR YOUR  
BUDDYCHUMS!



WOOH, THANKY  
YOU!

TASTY!

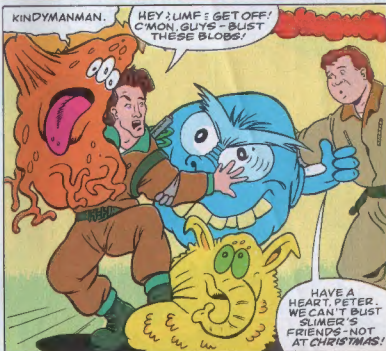
AARGH!

NICE  
PWEZENT!

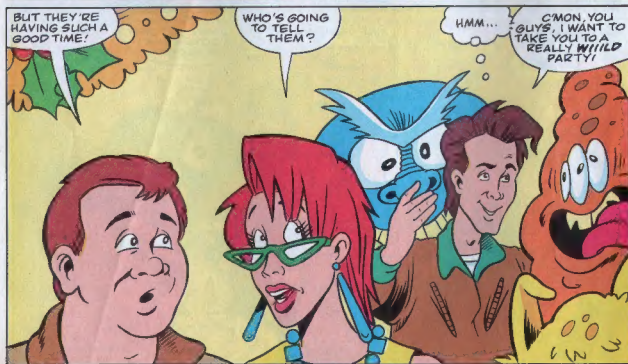
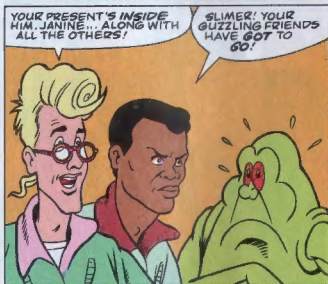


KINDYMANMAN.

HEY :UMF: GET OFF!  
C'MON, GUYS - BUST  
THESE BLOBS!



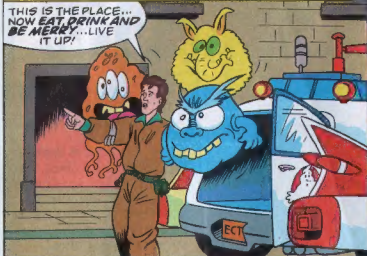
HAVE A  
HEART, PETER.  
WE CAN'T BUST  
SLIMER'S  
FRIENDS - NOT  
AT CHRISTMAS!





OUTSIDE THE HOUSE OF THE GRUMPY DR. KINDHEART...

THIS IS THE PLACE...  
NOW EAT, DRINK AND  
BE MERRY...LIVE  
IT UP!



LATER, BACK AT HQ...

YOU LOOK AS THOUGH  
YOU WERE EXPECTING  
THAT CALL...

RING  
RING



HELLPP! GHOSTBUSTERS!



So...

THAT'S IT! ZAP 'EM!  
BLAST 'EM! TRAP THE  
UGLY LITTLE CRITTERS!



WELL DONE! HOW MUCH DO I  
OWE YOU FOR YOUR EXCELL-  
ENT SERVICE?

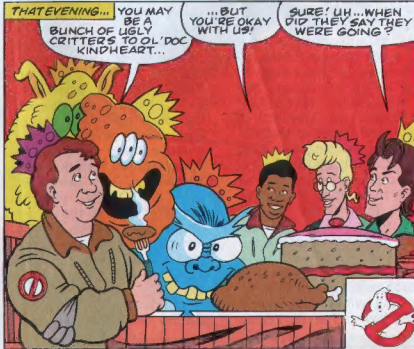
THAT'S  
OKAY, SEEING  
AS IT'S THE  
SEASON OF  
GOOD WILL -  
WE'LL DO IT  
FOR FREE!



THAT EVENING... YOU MAY  
BE A  
BUNCH OF UGLY  
CRITTERS TO OL' DOC  
KINDHEART...

...BUT  
YOU'RE OKAY  
WITH US!

SURE! UH...WHEN  
DID THEY SAY THEY  
WERE GOING?



# SPENGLER'S

## SPIRIT

## GUIDE

With Christmas nearly upon us, I thought I'd help out with the old Christmas present problem and provide a handy review of all the possible presents you could buy for a Spook-enthusiast. Hit & Myth Publications have brought a large-format illustrated coffee-table edition of *Tobin* just in time for Christmas, along with the *Country Diary of an Edwardian Tobin* companion volume. Of a more novelty nature is the eight CD box set of opera singer Gianno Paldeducci performing the complete works of Vondahuck in Swedish to the tune of *Moonlight Serenade*. Neither very interesting, nor very useful, but absolutely guaranteed to be unusual.

Blatt & Delta's range of 'Hyperwraith' power tools include some interesting items. The *Spirit Level* (\$12.95) is accurate to about nine micron, but obviously this is but a cheap copy of our own PKE Meter. The *Power-Shader* (\$14.50) is calibrated to give off a high-pitch alarm in the presence of anything over Class three, and it also includes a self-cleaning Slime Tray - a nice touch that, I thought. The *Bogey-Buster* (\$5.25) registers voltage, checks tyre pressure, measures the hours of sunlight and has a built-in Speedometer. It is absolutely no use in Ghost-busting whatsoever, but it does have a transfer of me



## PART 81

and Peter on the handle.

As far as games and toys go, look out for *Grutik's Cube*, a fiendish little puzzle comprising a plastic cube, each of the faces of which is a different colour. None of these faces move in relation to each other so the cube is always the same. The idea is that you give the cube to any pestering gremlins and they swiftly leave you in peace, having failed, after hours of trying, to muck up the pattern on the cube. Frantic Toys have also produced a Board game called *Apoplexopoly* which has become a firm favourite here at HQ. The players compete to bust the most ghosts and build up whole sets of them (All the Class fives, Class three random repeaters etc). Then they can build up commercial entrapment businesses around them. But all the

while, you wait in dread for the Gloomity Chest card that says 'Go to Containment Zone. Go directly to Containment Zone. Do not pass through walls. Do not collect four big ones.'

A bottle of *Stain-O-Vac* is always a good addition to the contents of anyone's stocking. Designed as a heavy-duty industrial de-containmentment for use after massive radioactive spillages and meltdowns, we've found *Stain-O-Vac* to be the only thing that effectively gets slime out of the carpet. Our old friend King Kajoo

has just had his latest movie released on video, and I can recommend picking up a copy of *An Enormous American Ape In Paris* as part of your Christmas viewing. Other Kajoo flicks on general release include *Rain Forest*, *People In The Mist*, *Three Men and an Enormous Ape* and *The Cook, The Thief, His Wife and an Enormous American Ape*.

Anyway, have a jolly good Christmas and don't overdo it. Remember the cautionary tale of Billy College, who ate nine Christmas puds and then tried to do his Santa Impression by squeezing down the chimney. Halfway down, he ... was eaten by a Nongoliant Fear-Fury. Ho, ho! I bet you thought I was going to say he got stuck? Eh? You did, didn't you? Who says you have to be Peter to tell a joke?



MARVEL



WINTER  
SPECIAL

99p

# MANTACORE FORCE

Multiple Air, Naval and Terrain Assault Force



FINN

FREE  
MANTA  
MAN!

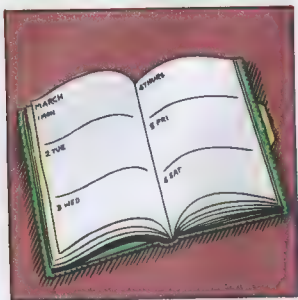
DON'T  
MISS  
IT!

# WINSTON'S DIARY

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF WINSTON ZEDDMORE



Story DAN ABNETT © Art BRIAN WILLIAMSON and DAVE HARWOOD and ROBIN BOUTTELL



**Monday, 18th December:**

Ray's got a cold, and so is confined to bed for a day or two, leaving Peter to cover his shifts and just me and Janine to go out and buy up all the tinsel and paper chains we could find to decorate the HQ. Why didn't I include Egon? Egon's not sold on the idea of Christmas frolics. The best he could manage was to tie a piece of holly to his Proton Pack, but that's got a little singed now. Janine bought some mistletoe – can't think why. Whilst we were out, we did manage to get Ray's present. It's an enormous woolly jumper to keep him warm on cold night busts in the New Year. On the front, woven into the yarn, are the words 'Maximum load – one person'. When Janine and I got back to HQ with all the carrier bags, we found this poor little bird nestling for warmth in the doorway. Actually, it wasn't such a little bird. It was a dull, brown, fat thing about the size of a chicken and it had a very uncomfortable expression. Janine took it in and fed it warm porridge, and now its living in a cardboard box next to the boiler pipes in reception. It now looks warm and uncomfortable.

**Tuesday, 19th December:**

So cold this morning I had to break the icicles off my toothbrush before I could

use it. When we topped up Ray's hot water bottles before going off to work, he said 'Da very buch'. The grumpy chicken in the box is the warmest thing in the place and he still looks uncomfortable. Maybe Slimer tried to eat him in the night. That's the only good thing about winter – the cold thickens Slimer's goo and slows him down a bit. The only bust today was a Class two corporeal in Bloomingdale's. We didn't even have to zap it – it came running at us screaming "Let me in that trap, I'm freezing!"

**Wednesday, 20th December:**

The Christmas cards are flooding in – got one from King Kajoo in Hollywood. Nice of him to remember us. Ray's cold doesn't seem to be getting any better. Peter bought him a nasal inhaler to try and help him clear out his head, but Slimer was fascinated by it and tried it out when no one was around. Haven't seen the inhaler since, but there's been a lot of slime about the place. Managed to get Peter's present in the lunch hour. It's a pair of skis, just like he wanted. I smuggled them back into HQ by wrapping them in brown paper and pretending they were a new ironing board. If the temperature keeps dropping, Pete'll be able to try them out here in New York. Janine is molly-coddling the chicken, but it still looks grumpy.





**Thursday, 21st December:**

I'm in the doghouse at the moment. I forgot to top up the anti-freeze in Ecto-2 and the engine block froze overnight. Just for that, I got sent out to one of the coldest parts of Brooklyn to bust a gang of phantom carol-singers who had been howling 'Hark the Herald Angels Sing' at two hundred decibels every December 21st since a giant novelty reindeer fell off the front of the local hypermarket and flattened them in during the third verse of 'Once in Royal David's City'.

A cross beam triangulation and three traps eventually brought their volume down, but not before they'd close-harmonised 'Hosanna in Excelsis' and shattered shop windows in a thirty yard area.



**Friday, 22nd December:**

Egon's present arrived by air freight today and Ray came with me when I went to the depot to pick it up. Ray's feeling a little better, although he wrapped himself up in more scarves and cardigans than I thought it possible for one man to wear. Guess that means he'll really appreciate his woolly. Egon's pressie is a first edition of Tollberrug's *Miasmal Miscreants, Padfoots and their ilk*. We got it from a collector in England at a really reasonable rate. Egon should

like it. Janine's more of a problem, and we've only really got a day to buy her present in. Maybe she'd like a lead so she can take her grumpy chicken for a walk.

**Saturday, 23rd December:**

Christmas is so close now you can nearly taste it. HQ looks really nice all decked out in paper chains, and we've got the tree up too. The chicken gave that a particularly grumpy look. Found Ray's missing nasal inhaler, but no one really feels like using it now.

A really strange thing happened just after dinner. There was a knock on the HQ door and I went to answer it. Standing outside was this man dressed up in the costume of a medieval nobleman.

"Can I help?" I asked.

"Is there a bird here?" he asked. "A brownish bird about so big with a grumpy look on his face?"

I explained that there was. "Oh good," he said "That's where it went. It was part of a larger order you see, but got delivered to the wrong address by mistake."

"What is it?" I asked.

"It's a French hen," he answered. "One of a set of three in fact, that was part of the whole order."

"Why are you dressed like that?" I added.

"One of the Lords a-leaping has gone sick and I'm standing in for him at the last minute. Can I have my bird back, d'you think?"

I went and got the grumpy chicken. "Are you sure it's a French hen?" I asked as I handed it over.

"Mais, oui," said the hen.

I guess I've been working too hard. Merry Christmas, dearest diary.



# TRANSMUTANT TEDDYBEAR

On the whole, people don't generally expect their favourite cute and cuddlesome teddybear to transform into something that they would rather not share a bedroom with! Usually, teddybears are comfortingly furry, marvellous companions and jolly good listeners. This particular bear, however was one of those newfangled thingumajigs which undergoes a startling metamorphosis and changes into a fully-functioning car with wheels and everything.

Most unscientific. Anyway, when little Billy went to turn the car back into a bear, he awakened a bear with a really sore head and seeing as it was possessed by a malevolent mother spirit, it decided to grow into a big, nasty, growly grizzly bear. The Real Ghostbusters regressed to a second childhood and dealt with the problem manfully by locating the source of the disturbance and zapping it. The moral of this tale is: be careful what you ask for at Christmas!



# DEAD TRUE!

It's horrific and ghastly and  
what's more, it's a true tale of terror!

Dare you read on?



Just where does fact become fiction and is it the product of a fevered imagination is the topic of this week's story! This tale of sheer absurdity began one Christmas, when a man named John accepted an invitation to stay with some friends living in the north country over the festive holiday.

Thus it was that John and a friend of his set off on the trip up from London. The roads were dreadful and dangerous that year, for they were covered with thick snow and by the time the two men were close to their destination it had grown extremely dark. It soon became obvious that they were lost and having driven about aimlessly for some time, they spotted a light in the distance and decided to make their way towards it.

The house to which the light belonged was a somewhat impressive building. They opened some large gates and drove slowly up the driveway. John's companion then got out of the car and yanked the ornate bell-pull at the door.

The door was finally opened by a man who seemed to be the butler of the house. John's friend clearly thought so too, because he gave the man a half-crown as a token of his thanks for giving him the required directions.

The two men arrived quite late and made their apologies, explaining what had happened. Much to their annoyance, their hosts laughed at their story and dismissed it as being ridiculous. The matter was then forgotten until the following morning when the subject was brought up again.

A big argument ensued and their host said, "John, it would have been impossible for you to have visited that house. You see, it was burned to the ground twenty years ago!" It was finally decided that the only way to settle this dispute was to actually drive over there and view the evidence in the daylight.

When they got there, John was stunned. . . the gates were rusty and padlocked and there was nothing left of the house except for the rotting and charred foundations! However, upon examination, they discovered that not only were there visible tracks in the snow, but there, by what would have been the door was a *half-crown in the snow!*

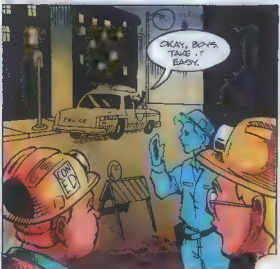
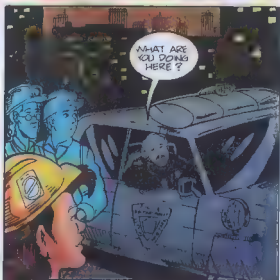
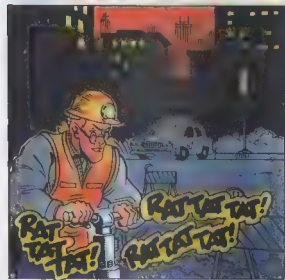
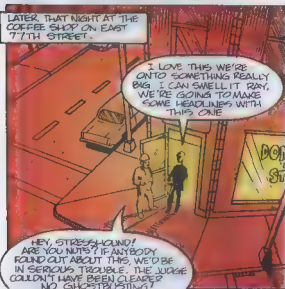




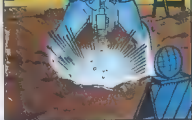
# GHOSTBUSTERS II

## PART FOUR!

LATER, THAT NIGHT AT THE COFFEE SHOP ON EAST 77TH STREET.



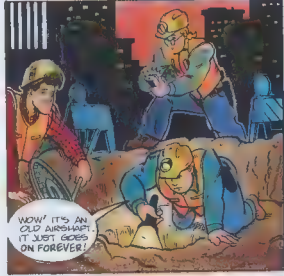
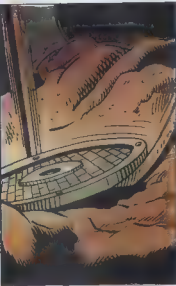
CHUNK!  
CHUNK!  
CHUNK!  
CHUNK!  
CHUNK!



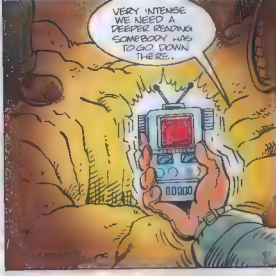
CLANK!



NYRRR!  
WHAT THE  
HEAP ME  
LIFT THIS



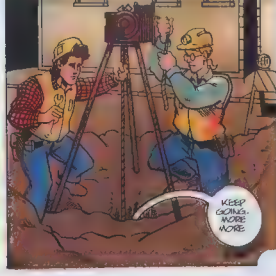
WOW! IT'S AN  
OLD AIRCRAFT.  
IT JUST GOES  
ON FOREVER!



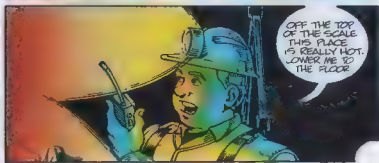
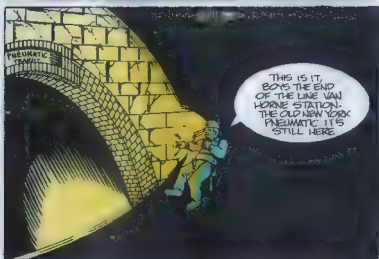
VERY INTENSE  
WE NEED A  
DEEPER READING  
SOMEBODY HAS  
TO GO DOWN  
THERE..



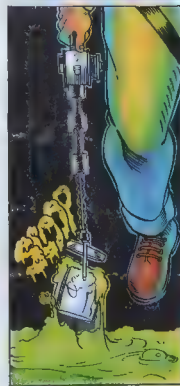
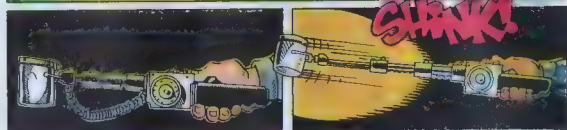
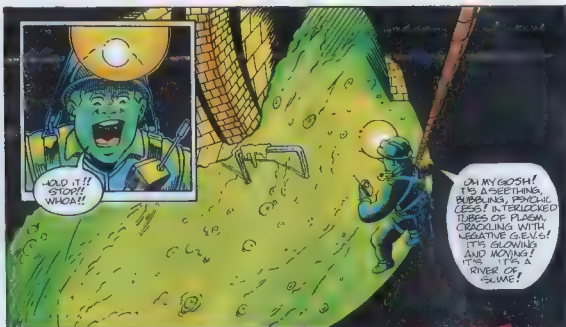
THANKS,  
BOYS

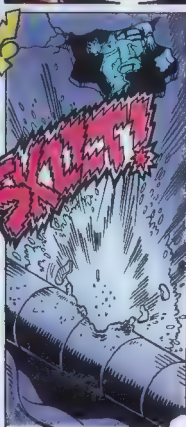
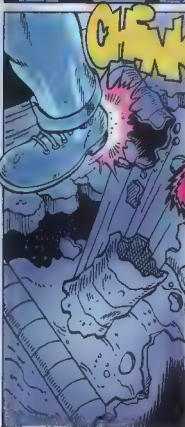
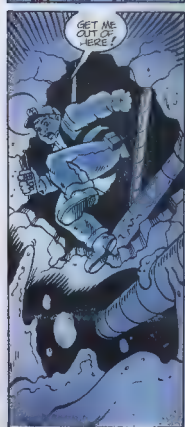


KEEP  
GOING.  
MORE  
MORE

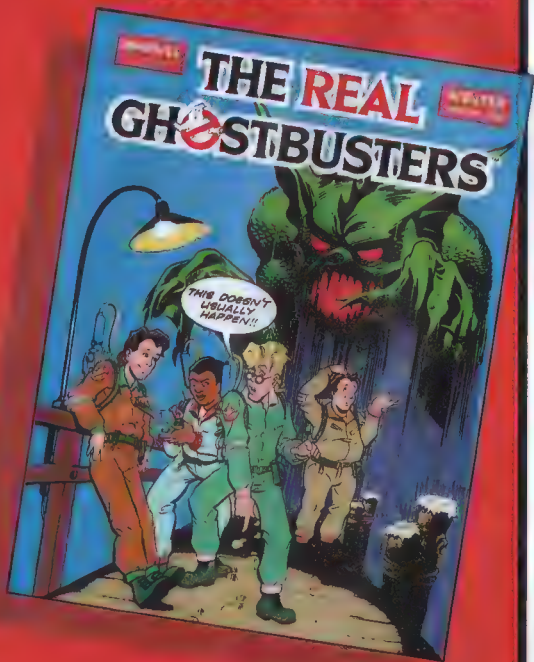








THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS  
WINTER SPECIAL...  
...IT'S CHILLING!



ON SALE NOW!

# GH<sup>OST</sup> WRITING!



Yo, Ghost fans! Yea, I'm back and here to answer all your spooky questions. So fire away...

**Dear Peter...**

Here's some questions for you:  
1. How did Mr. Stay-Puft, the Marshmallow Man escape from the Containment Unit in Issue seventy-four?

2. How did the big ghost fit into the trap?  
3. Do you mind Slimer having his own comic?  
4. Do you buy *The Real Ghostbusters* comic?  
— Joel Bird, Frome.

1. *Not another Stay-Puft question. Sheesh, that guy keeps coming back like a bad penny. Well, what can I say? I don't think he ever was in the Containment Unit, was he?* 2. *What big ghost? Where?* 3. *No, the further away the better. Even though the Slimer comic is a jolly good read.* 4. *Of course not, there wouldn't be a comic if it wasn't for our escapades.*

Could you tell me:

1. How many times have you seen Mr. Stay-Puft?  
2. In Issue seventeen you busted an electric razor and in Issue seventy-three you come across a hand razor, are they related?

— Christopher Clarke, Clevedon

1. *Aaargh! Too many times!* 2. *A hand razor? Why would I want to shave my hands? Anyway they are related. The electric razor was the uncle!*

I have a few questions:

1. Who made the Proton Pack?  
2. Who bought the car?  
3. What are you going to get your friends for Christmas?

— Andrew, Somewhere

1. *Strewth! For the umpteenth time, Egon designed them and Ray built them.* 2. *Ray bought the car, an old Cadillac Ambulance for a grossly inflated price.* 3. *Hmm, let's see now. No, I can't think but I do know that Janine is buying Egon a pair of matching socks and boxer shorts with a mushroom motif!*

1. What is the biggest Class of ghost you have encountered?  
2. What language does Slimer speak in?

— Simon Norris, Darwen

1. *The biggest Class of ghosts I've ever encountered is the one in my 'School Ghoul' adventure, pretty hairy stuff.* 2. *Slimer speaks utter gibberish, in whatever language he may have the ability to speak.*

Please could you answer these questions for me:

1. What are the Proton Packs made of?  
2. When was the first time you all met?

— Pedro Ferreira, Fulham

*Okay, let me see.* 1. *Well, the basic constituent of our back packs is a nuclear accelerator, so that's why they're pretty dangerous and pretty darn heavy as well!* 2. *Ooh, way back when, while we were at university together. Well, that was Egon, Ray and me anyway. The first time Winston, Janine and us met was in the Fire Station, when Winston answered our job advertisement.*

Here's two questions for you:

1. How did you become a Real Ghostbuster?  
2. What's it like to be a Real Ghostbuster?  
— Peter King and Mark Hill, Bucks

*Right, here goes.* 1. *Firstly, we had to go to college and study parapsychology etc, then squander the government grant and get booted off campus. Finally, we had to think of some way of earning enough money to further our studies into psychic phenomena, paranormal research and West Pier Pizzas.* 2. *Swell, real swell. Especially the pizza bit!*

Is Ecto-1 solar powered?

— Abigail Belk, France

*No, but it does run on lead-free petrol!*

**Ghost Writing, Marvel Comics Ltd, 13/15 Arundel Street, London WC2**





# SLIME TIME!

Slimer wants your jokes! Send 'em to: **SLIME TIME**  
Marvel Comics Ltd  
13/15 Arundel Street  
London  
WC2



What is the best day of the year for an American vampire?  
*Fangsgiving Day!*  
– Stephen Kyle, Troon

What do you give a pig with a sore throat?  
*Oinkment!*

Where do pigs do their laundry?  
*At the hogwash!*

What exams did Santa Claus take?  
*Ho Ho Ho Levels!*  
– Charlotte Hays, Sandiacre

My Great Uncle Morris died of deafness. He was so deaf he didn't hear the steamroller coming!

Two other cannibals were having their tea. One said to the other, "I don't like your friend."  
The other said, "Well put him to one side and just eat the chips!"

Where do monkeys cook their toast?  
*Under the grilla!*  
– John Currie, Essex

# Beauty and the Beast

## Graphic Novel

### Beauty and the Beast



### Portrait of Love

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY  
**WENDY PINI**

BASED ON THE TV SERIES CREATED BY  
**RON KOSLOW**

**MARVEL®**



Together in a world  
forever trying to keep  
them apart, two very  
special people fight to  
keep their love alive

An original story  
written and illustrated  
by **Wendy Pini**  
cover painting by  
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A tale of  
fobidden passion  
from **Marvel**

Mr. Rogers

SHOULD AULD ACQUAINTANCE BE FORGOT..?

IN JUST 7 DAYS

Look out! It's the ...



# MIGHTY MARVEL CHECKLIST



Titles on sale now

■ **TRANSFORMERS 250** It's Christmas and it's the 250th issue! The celebrations are spectacular: two strip stories, a seasonal Combat Colin, Dread Tidings, another Transformers A to Z and a stupendous wrap-around cover painting! If that wasn't enough, there's a terrific 250th issue competition with 30 Micromaster pocket bases to be won! Merry Christmas!

■ **THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS 81** 'Twas the night before Christmas, and Slimer's friends come to stay for the holiday! Find out if **We Three Things** (by Dakin, Williamson and Harwood) manage to ruin the fun for our heroes, or if it'll take the spooks they meet in the special **Christmas Winston's Diary** (by Abnett and Williamson) to really do the trick. All this, and the continuing Ghostbusters II adaptation - what a Christmas present!

■ **THE INCREDIBLE HULK PRESENTS 13** A fantastic Hulk Christmas to everyone! To celebrate we're giving you a double helping of Hulk action. On top of that, there's a real cliffhanger of an Indiana Jones story and a brand-new G.I. Joe tale!

■ **PUNISHER 22** the Punisher's past comes back to haunt him when an unknown assassin begins hunting down the members of our hero's old Vietnam squad. Plus the 'Nam is back as the boys from 4/23rd uncover a huge Viet Cong tunnel complex and somebody has to go down there and clean them out.

■ **THE SLEEZE BROTHERS 6** The usual sort of things ... the fate of the Universe hangs in the balance, alien assassins run rampant through the streets of the Big Apple, the Sleezes are broke and end up with egg on their faces. Catch the resulting scrambled mess in **The Malteeze Egg** by Lanning and Carnell!